

# National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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## National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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tent of this paper, should be addressed, "Editor of the National Anti-Slavery Standard, New York."

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Mr. SINGLTON.—The gentleman from Illinois shall not make that speech upon this side of the House.

Mr. BURNETT.—There is a rule of this House which requires each man to speak from his seat. The gentleman from Illinois was not in his seat when he was speaking. He cannot, and he shall not, cross this hall to this side in a menacing manner. He shall not, let the consequences be what they will. He must speak from his seat.

Mr. COX.—I move that the Committee rise.

The CHAIRMAN.—Gentlemen must resume their seats.

Mr. COX.—Let the gentleman from Illinois take his seat.

Mr. WASHBURN (Ill.).—Let others be seated, and let my colleague proceed.

Mr. POTTER.—The gentleman from Illinois can take care of himself without the assistance of the other side.

Mr. KELLOGG (Ill.).—I say to gentlemen that my colleague shall speak; that he is in order, and will not commit a breach of the rules of the House; if he does, I will be the first to rebuke him; but he shall have his rights according to the rules of the House, and in nowise shall they be abridged or interfered with. He shall be heard upon this floor, and at this time.

Mr. BRIGGS.—Then let him go upon his own side.

The CHAIRMAN.—The Chair calls the Committee to order; and if gentlemen do not come to order, he will call the Speaker to the chair and report the disorder to the House.

Mr. FLORENCE.—I move that the Committee rise. It is impossible to quell the disturbance without doing so.

The CHAIRMAN.—The Speaker will take the chair.

The Chairman (Mr. Washburn, Me.) vacated the chair, and the Speaker resumed it.

The SPEAKER.—The Chair calls the House to order. I desire gentlemen of the House to take their seats.

Mr. FLORENCE.—Every one, upon either and all sides.

Mr. JOHN COCHRANE.—The Committee has risen; has it not?

The SPEAKER.—The Chair requests gentlemen to respect the authority of the House, and take their seats.

Mr. BARKSDALE.—Order that black-hearted scoundrel and bigger-stealing thief to take his seat, and this side of the house will do it.

Mr. MCQUEEN.—We will allow nobody to come over from that side of the House and bully us on this side. [Cries of "Sit down!" "Sit down!"] from all sides of the House.

Mr. COBBS.—I rise to a question of order.

The CHAIRMAN.—The gentleman will state his question of order.

Mr. COBBS.—I was going to raise a question of order upon the right of the gentleman to discuss the question of the "twin relics," under the new rule we have adopted. However, I will not interfere; the gentleman may go on with his speech.

Mr. LOVEJOY.—I am entitled to the floor; I do not yield to the gentleman; and I will proceed with my remarks within my hour, with the gentleman's permission or without it.

The CHAIRMAN.—The Chair supposes that general debate is in order upon this bill, the House now being in the Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, and no special order pending.

Mr. LOVEJOY.—I was about to say, when interrupted, that I am aware that the practical question presented to this House and to the country whether slavery shall be extended beyond its present limits; as that is the only question over which they have exclusive jurisdiction.

And if slaves were contented to remain restricted, and find its future where it now is, we might, perhaps, forbear this discussion. But when it is proposed to extend what is termed an institution—but which is not an institution, which is simply a practice—the question naturally arises, what is the nature, what are the influences, and what are the elements of this practice? and what will they prove to be if allowed expansion? I am aware it is to be preserved, until the gentleman speaks again, that this whole matter can be settled, if the gentleman speaking and every other gentleman will take his seat.

Mr. LOVEJOY.—I rise to a privileged question.

The SPEAKER.—The Chair cannot recognize anybody, until gentlemen take their seats.

Mr. BURNETT.—Then, let everybody take his seat, and let order be enforced.

The SPEAKER.—Gentlemen will take their seats, without distinction.

Members gradually withdrew from the open area in front of the Speaker's chair, and resumed their seats. Order being at length restored.

Mr. WASHBURN, of Maine (Chairman of the Committee), said, in the Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union disorder arose, which prevented the transaction of business, and the Chair was compelled to call the Speaker to the chair, and to report the facts to the House.

Mr. ELK.—I move that the House do now adjourn.

Mr. WASHBURN (Me.).—The Chairman of the Committee states that if order is likely to be preserved, so that proceedings can go on, the Chairman of the Committee will resume the chair.

The SPEAKER.—Order having been restored, the Speaker will leave the chair, and the Chairman of the Committee will take it.

Mr. WASHBURN (Me.) responded the chair, and announced that the gentleman from Illinois was entitled to the floor.

Mr. LOVEJOY.—Never, sir; never. I always defend it, and always will, whether it be against the Democrats, who piracy will pay, robbery will go, and where adposse humanus est.

Mr. LOVEJOY.—Then beware yourself.

Mr. LOVEJOY.—I wish to learn whether it is a violation of the rules to occupy this space in front of the Speaker's chair, or any portion of it? If so, I will cheerfully yield; if not, I claim the right to choose my own position.

The CHAIRMAN.—The Chair understands that the rules require that every gentleman shall speak from his seat.

Mr. LOVEJOY.—From the Clerk's desk.

Mr. LOVEJOY.—Yes; that was thrown in my face before he and I denied it. It never had the least foundation in truth. I always defended the Constitution, because I am aware that the practical question presented to this House and to the country whether slavery shall be extended beyond its present limits; as that is the only question over which they have exclusive jurisdiction.

Mr. LOVEJOY.—I am right, or the first point—the inferiority of the enslaved race. We may concede it as a matter of fact that it is inferior; but does it follow, therefore, that it is right to enslave a man simply because he is inferior? This, to me, is a most abhorrent doctrine.

We told the weak everywhere at the mercy of the rich; it would place those that are deficient in intellect at a moral crucible, and dissolve and combine them all, and the resultant amalgam is slaveholding. It has the violence of robbery.

A MINISTER.—You are joking.

Mr. LOVEJOY.—No; sir; I am speaking in dead earnest, before God, God's own truth. It has the violence of robbery, the blood and cruelty of piracy; it has the offensive and brutal lusts of polygamy, all combined and concentrated in itself, with aggravations that neither one of these crimes ever knew or dreamed of.

Mr. CHAIRMAN.—The justification of slavery is placed, so far as I know, mainly upon these grounds: the inferiority of the enslaved race; the fact that enslaving men imparts Christianity and civilization to them; and, thirdly, the guarantees of the Constitution. These are the three main arguments presented to justify slavery, and consequently to justify its expansion. And, by the way, I hold that the extreme men, as they are called, on this question, are the only men who have the logic of it. I am right, or the first point is right. If slavery is right in Virginia, it is right everywhere. Now, sir, in regard to the first point—the inferiority of the enslaved race. We may concede it as a matter of fact that it is inferior; but does it follow, therefore, that it is right to enslave a man simply because he is inferior? This, to me, is a most abhorrent doctrine.

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England and its guarantees ought to be arming. We go on opening our trade with the French people, while preparing on our preparations for war with their Sultan.

Meantime, nothing can well be graver than the aspect of affairs, though every country in Europe wishes for peace—with the fatal exception of France. The only question has for some time been where the stand shall be made against French aggression. The Emperor has determined that by his menaces to the free, harmless, peaceful Republic of Switzerland. The stronger powers are pledged to the protection of Switzerland; and they will fall in their duty, no doubt, however the French or anybody else may mock at the smallness of the territory which the Emperor will be forbidden to annex. There are signs of rebellion in Italy; but if he yields this point for the moment, he will presently raise another. The universal suspicion is in a struggle between France and its neighbors, ending as before in the impoverishment and retrogression of France, the destruction of one generation of its young men, the overthrow of the Bonapartes, and the ignominious fall of their head. His fall will be even lower than his predecessor's, for his usurpation has been more indefensible, and his course is an aggression upon a higher civilization. He has, however, a clearer fore-sight of the end, and has prepared a kingdom for himself in Algeria, if driven from France, with an army which will give him the command of the coast of both Spain and France. Such schemes of such men never answer. When has outraged society at home and abroad to a certain extent, human nature will prove strong for him, and he will meet the fate he is daily preparing? In disclosing his quality as a man, he has lessened his power as a ruler. He is a fearful scourge; but some of us always knew it; and it is a comfort that the world knows it now.

It seems as if the world must be very old when one says that the Pope's Bull of Excommunication is not worth writing about; but it is even so. Most people and contempt of his advisers may be felt by some good people; but, on the whole, the document is regarded as an article for a curiosity shop. It will not hurt the King of Sardinia or anybody else.

An I close each letter to you, I anticipate having to speak of some outbreak of war in the next. This time, it is something more than a revolt in Sicily or the East, or a conflict in the Papal States, or a new outbreak on the part of Austria, that I have to notice. It is the complete exposure of that bad faith and rapacity in the French Emperor which comprehend within themselves a half-century of wars, involving the nations of a continent. How long will our civilization admit of one man ruining the lives of so many men, and retarding the progress of so many States? The power of the Bonapartes is not only a barbarism in itself, but a sign of prevalent

E. M.

#### LETTERS FROM PARIS.....NO. XIX.

MARCH 21, 1860.

We are, at last, beginning to see clear in the *imbroglio* of Italy. The Italians, after the agitato of not less than six different solutions between themselves and France about the settlement of the difficulties arising from the Villafranca peace, have at last had their own will. The partisans of the Emperor here pretend that he always intended that it should be so, and only made so many difficulties, and entangled himself in so much diplomacy, in order to escape from the Villafranca preliminaries, and to appear not to have broken his word to the young Austrian Emperor. This apology will hardly improve the world's opinion of the present ruler of France. It may be a very brilliant piece of diplomacy to make promises and then to render their execution thoroughly impossible, but it is not in accordance with the laws of common humanity. But the moral sense of many people is so low, under the corrupting influences acting on minds deprived of liberty, that I hear many praises, from all sides, of Bonaparte's cunning in this Italian question. I, for my part, am at the risk of appearing very simple, do not believe that he promised that the Italian Archdukes should be restored, he was determined that they should not. I don't believe everything depends upon William H. Seward. I very much doubt if he would make a better President than Judge McLean or Mr. Bates. Many things of late little things, look to me as if Mr. Seward was paying court "conservatism," as it is called. Once in the President's chair, I fear he would aim more at satisfying the South than the North. In all important matters, Bates would prove to be as anti-slavery as Seward. Would Bates execute the Fugitive Slave law? Please be kind enough to say if Mr. Seward would not do the same thing! The only reason why the election of Mr. Seward as President would be a greater and more decided anti-slavery triumph than that of Bates or McLean is the simple fact that, Seward, is the terror of the South, and we will bolt, cry the old fogies. You remember how the farrymen settled the question—"I must die anyhow, and I'll die doing right!" and so he pushed his craft with the courage and energy of a man conscious of doing God's service—and he saved his life, as well as the slave's!

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Bates would prove to be as anti-slavery as Seward.

Would Bates execute the Fugitive Slave law? Please

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same thing! The only reason why the election of Mr. Seward as President would be a greater and more decided

anti-slavery triumph than that of Bates or McLean is the

simple fact that, Seward, is the terror of the South, and we

will bolt, cry the old fogies. You remember how the

farrymen settled the question—"I must die anyhow, and I'll die doing right!" and so he pushed his craft with the courage and energy of a man conscious of doing God's

service—and he saved his life, as well as the slave's!

I don't believe everything depends upon William H. Seward. I very much doubt if he would make a better

President than Judge McLean or Mr. Bates. Many things

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## Miscellaneous Department.

### THE GLADNESS OF MAY.

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When Nature wears her fairest robe of young and dewy  
flowers.  
When gentle morn wakes from the east as rosy as the sky,  
And brooks are laughing in the meads, and birds are singing  
by.

Visions, sweet as summer's eve or autumn's glowing day,  
Are rushing on the mind of youth as lovely as they're gay,  
Hopes priz'd more than coral lip, or maiden's blushing vow,  
Are coming back to older age, and deck its snowy brou.  
King-cups bathed in golden light, their tender breasts unfold,  
And verdant plains burst on the sight, like beds of waving  
gold.  
Violets from the mossy banks in purple clusters rise,  
And daisies one by one begin to show their starry eyes.  
Leaves girded in the noon-tide's warmth, and kissed by the  
wind.

Waves woven into forest crowds that mock the emerald's hue,  
As doth the heart to memory, when life's bright days are o'er.

Blossoms fair as orient pearls adorn the orchard trees,  
And odors from their honeyed lips add fragrance to the breeze,  
Beauty's soft and radiant glow is mantling all the green,  
And from the earth a promise comes of fruit and corn again.

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Lambs in little playful groups are scattered o'er the green,

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Clouds, calmly hung in silver light like fields of snowy snow,  
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*New Monthly Magazine.*

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

M A D G E V E R T N E R.

BY MATTIE GRIFFITH.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

COL. VERTNER sat alone, the next morning, in his library; through the open window stole the fresh, morning breeze, laden with the perfume of roses and laburnums, while a bright ray of early sunlight rippled over the papers and books that were carelessly thrown upon the table. Col. Vertner's face wore an unusually pleased expression; a favorite volume lay open before him, but his eye wandered constantly from the page, as though some pleasant thought dwelt in his mind and monopolized all his attention. This train of fancy, however, was broken by the sudden entrance of Pomp, with the mail-bag.

"Hi, boy," exclaimed the Colonel, "have you much of a budget to-day?"

"Yes, sir, an' it's mighty heavy; dem 'r letters mos' weigh somethin'," replied the boy as he dashed the leather bag from his shoulder, and drew a long, loud breath, expressive of the exertion which had cost him to carry so weighty a burden.

"Well, give me the key, and here is a dime for you."

"Thankyou, mas'r; thankey, sir," and the boy stumbled away at his pockets in search of the key. Being a little slow, his master inquired,

"What! you rascal! I trust you have not lost the key of the mail-bag?"

"Oh, no, sat, me hain't lost him; he is down here somewhere 'mong my marbles."

Accordingly, a quantity of marbles, twine, wrapping thread, bits of paper, rags, odds and ends, &c., of the "dear knows what," as Aunt Polly styled it, were fished up from those capacious pockets, and among other things the little missing key was at last found.

"Oh, here it am, mas'r; here it am; me think he wasn't lost."

As he looked over the letters, Col. Vertner found quite a number addressed to himself, and one for Madge. The father smiled as his eye scanned over that British post-mark; and he well knew how happily his daughter's pulse would beat at sight of the well-known writing.

"Go, tell your Miss Madge to come to me, Pomp; I suppose she is out now for a romp with Rover round the lawn."

But before the boy had time to obey the command, the library door was slowly opened and Madge Vertner appeared, looking pale and listless as though she had spent an anxious, troubled night.

"Why, daughter! But what is the matter?" exclaimed Col. Vertner, his tone changing from the gay and joyous to the frightened and surprised as soon as he observed her appearance.

"You are not well. Let me reach you a chair."

Madge took the seat and motioned to Pomp to leave the room.

"What is it, daughter?" asked her father with anxiety.

"Let me be still for a moment."

Remembering the letter which had just come for her, Col. Vertner hoped to soothe her with it. Placing it gently in her hand, he said,

"Only see, here is an English letter for you."

Madge started and let it fall from her hands.

Passing his arm round her waist, and stroking her brow gently, he sought to beguile her into a happier mood. "What is it, my pet? what has disturbed you so?"

The morning is so beautiful and inviting, I had hoped that it had found you, as it has me, in a cheerful and happy state of mind. Come, come, what is it? Some ugly dream? But read your letter; it will cheer you up. Only see how you have allowed it to fall from your hands. This is not the way you usually greet Mr. Butler's letters."

"Break the seal and read it to me, papa."

This was a singular request, and perfectly inexplicable to Col. Vertner, for Madge generally read her own letters, and on all former occasions had made a great master of the mere breaking of the seal. Now, however, though much surprised, he obeyed her without further inquiry into the strangeness of her mood.

"And so," he observed, as he refolded the letter after reading it to her, "Mr. Butler will not sail for another month. That is rather provoking."

"It is providential."

"Why so, my darling?"

"Because I have that to say to him which had better, far better, be written than spoken."

An inquiring look was the only answer she received.

"Papa" (Madge paused at each word, as if gasping for breath), "did you ever know a quadroon girl—a slave—by the name of—Alice?"

Col. Vertner let go his daughter's hand and reeled back a few steps, like one suddenly stricken by a severe blow. Madge's eyes were firmly fixed upon him. Leaning eagerly forward, with parted lip and a nervous motion of the fingers of her outstretched hand, she watched every movement of his. Her hope, love, and life trembled in the answer.

"Oh, God!" gasped Col. Vertner, "the curse has come at last!"

"Papa"—this time Madge's voice was calm and fearfully cold—"you need not tremble and turn away from me with that dismayed look. I know all."

"Not all, child—not all—not half. They cannot have told you how I have suffered, the hell I have carried in my bosom."

"I am the daughter of that quadroon, Alice—not, also the honorable child of an honorable marriage. I am here in this house only by courtesy, or rather by means of a base lie and a base fraud."

Her eye flashed and her lip curled disdainfully as she uttered these words.

"Spare me, my child; spare me. I have tried to avert that great wrong. Spare me, I beg; don't let curses come from you; but, no, I'll not ask you to spare me; 'tis better that you should curse. I deserve it. Great God, why was I spared for this?"

"And why was I born to it?"

A moment of deadly silence ensued. Madge sat in the most motionless, statue-like repose, while her father remained standing over by the window, with his hands clasped to his temples, neither looking toward the other. Such was the change of a few hours. A father and daughter, whose very lives had hitherto seemed blest into one, sat now, estranged and driven apart, as though a tempestuous river flowed between them.

Madge was the first to break the silence.

"You have nothing further to say?" She did not even glance toward him.

Suddenly, as if recollecting himself, and forgetting what his ravings had betrayed, Col. Vertner exclaimed,

"Madge, who have you seen? what watch or sprite, fiend or monster, has been playing upon your credulity. 'Tis all a lie, a base, prepared, premeditated lie. Don't think of it again, my child; but tell me who has dared such villainy; tell me, and I will throttle the dastard in his next speech. Come, come, poor panting bird, to your father's heart like a sword."

"Don't be sarcastic, Madge, for my poor brain turns round; I am bewildered and grope about like one blind."

The recent painful discovery which she had made regarding her heart's love for him, she told Mr. Butler,

in a feeling of poignant regret.

He stretched out his arms to receive her, and advanced a few steps, when she waved him off.

"No, papa; no; another lie will not wipe out this terrible fraud which has been practised upon me, and mamma—I mean Mrs. Vertner."

There was a terrible bitterness in her tone; it cut her father's heart like a sword.

"Don't be sarcastic, Madge, for my poor brain turns

round; I am bewildered and grope about like one blind."

She did not tell him all, but he told her all.

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Visions, sweet as summer's eve or autumn's glowing day, Are rushing on the mind of youth as lovely as they're gay,

Hopes priz'd more than coral lip, or maiden's blushing vow,

Are coming back to older age, and deck its snowy brou.

King-cups bathed in golden light, their tender breasts unfold,

And verdant plains burst on the sight, like beds of waving gold.

Violets from the mossy banks in purple clusters rise,

And daisies one by one begin to show their starry eyes.

Leaves girded in the noon-tide's warmth, and kissed by the wind.

Waves woven into forest crowds that mock the emerald's hue,

As doth the heart to memory, when life's bright days are o'er.

Blossoms fair as orient pearls adorn the orchard trees,

And odors from their honeyed lips add fragrance to the breeze,

Beauty's soft and radiant glow is mantling all the green,

And from the earth a promise comes of fruit and corn again.

Birds, rich in plumage and in voice, from every wood and grove,

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Sweet as music's tone upon their pinions bring

Sweet echoes to the listening ear, and incense of the flowers.

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And squirrels from the beechen boughs dance on from tree to tree.

Clouds, calmly hung in silver light like fields of snowy snow,

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